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Great Football Game Thanksgiving Day—W. U. vs. Lincoln at Association Park

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON DEAD

ELEVEN MILLION AMERICAN NEGROES INEXPRESSIBLY SHOCKED WHEN THE NEWS FLASHED OVER THE WORLD THAT OUR MIGHTY AND SPLENDID LEADER HAS PASSED AWAY.

"A MIGHTY MAN IN ISRAEL HAS FALLEN"

HE FELL IN THE MIDST OF A WONDERFUL AND GIGANTIC DEVELOPMENT OF RACE ENERGY AND RACIAL ACHIEVEMENT WITHIN THESE UNITED STATES TO WHICH HE QUIETLY AND UNASSUMINGLY AND ALWAYS WITHOUT OSTENTATION WAS THE CHIEF CONTRIBUTOR, PROPHET AND APOSTLE.

HIS REMARKABLE LEADERSHIP UNPARALLELED

Stores, Homes and Schools Throughout Kansas City, Owned and Conducted by Colored People, Were Draped in Emblems of Mourning. Flags Were at Half Mast All Over the City, and Never Before in the History of This Country was there Such a General and Unanimous Observance of National and Racial Sorrow as was Evidenced on the Death of This Great Leader.

FUNERAL HELD AT HIS BELOVED TUSKEGEE

When the telegram reached Kansas City last Sunday morning announcing the death of Booker T. Washington, the acknowledged leader of the Negro race, whose name is a household word wherever civilization has planted its banner, and who was acclaimed in a great contest waged by a great magazine some time ago as one of the ten greatest and most useful men living, the sorrow and grief of the colored people of this city was inexpressible. Few knew that he was ill and the brief account in the press announcing his illness was supposed to be a temporary breakdown from which with rest and attention he would rapidly recuperate. But when it was positively known that "Washington is dead" men simply looked dumbly in each other's faces and asked the question, "Who will lead us now?" On last Friday, feeling a rapidly approaching dissolution, Mr. Washington said to those at his bedside: "I was reared in Alabama. My heart is there; take me back there to die." And his faithful secretary and the skilled physicians, recognizing that it was to be his last request, hurriedly secured a special sleeper and as fast as the limited could carry him he was taken back to his beloved Tuskegee; reaching there at 11:50 p. m. Saturday night and passing away without a murmur, and with a smile upon his countenance at 4:40 Sunday morning, November 14.

The funeral was set for Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock and all day Monday and Tuesday and Tuesday night and Wednesday morning the trains were unloading the hundreds and thousands, both white and colored, who came from all sections of the country to pay the last tribute of respect to one of the world's really great men. Our correspondent counted more than thirty special cars belonging to railroad magnates, presidents of great corporations, multimillionaires and leaders in the business world who came to evidence their appreciation and friendship for our lamented leader. Special trains came from all over the South, and from Birmingham alone came 20 coaches filled with representative citizens; from New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver, Kansas City, Topeka, Memphis, Nashville, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., Atlanta and hundreds of other Southern cities came large delegations with grief and sorrow unmistakably stamped upon their countenances. Early Wednesday morning all was bustle and stir on the great campus and from 1 o'clock in the morning until the time for the funeral cortege to move to the chapel all roads leading to Tuskegee Institute were crowded with an indescribable mass of vehicles, buggies, ox carts, mule drawn vehicles, men and women and children on horse and mule back, hundreds of automobiles and touring cars, while it seemed as if the entire population of the city of Tuskegee, ex-slaves and slave owners, aristocrats and paupers, white and colored, came out in mass to attend the obsequies of the man who had given greater distinction to Tuskegee than any other living man. Promptly at 10 o'clock, with the great Tuskegee band at the head of the line and the thousands of students sad faced and sorrowful, followed by the teachers, trustees and family and thousands of friends, moved silently to the sad strains of music to the chapel. Although builded to seat 2,500, nearly 4,000 crowded into the building while more than twice that number with uncovered heads remained throughout the brief service on the outside. The simple service of the Episcopal Church was read and several songs that were especially dear to Mr. Washington were sung amid falling tears and audible sobs by the great Tuskegee chorus. Thirty or forty of the more than 5,000 telegrams received

were read and then the cortege silently wended its way to the burial plot on Tuskegee's historic soil, where forever the body of the great leader is to lie. The Associated Press says that never in the history of the Southland with a possible exception of the funeral of the late Henry W. Grady, Georgia's distinguished son, has there been such a remarkable and largely attended funeral as that of Booker T. Washington. And as the sun broke through the hazy mist that seemed to indicate that nature was also mourning with us in the loss of our great chieftain and as the band plaintively but sweetly playing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" the casket was lowered to its last resting place as the minister solemnly intoned "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," amid the tears and convulsive grief of thousands, white and black, who stood uncovered in the presence of that unconquerable enemy, Death.

"Servant of God, well done; Rest from thy best employ; The battle fought, the victory won Enter thy Master's joy."

WASHINGTON THE LEADER.

By CHAS. A. STARKS.

Today, all Ethiopia mourns! The clock of time has trembled from its regular ticking for a spell, the routine laborer has raised from his irksome task a tear bedimmed eye to heaven; citizens have walked to and fro whispering mysteriously, solemnly and awe-strickenly to one another. In Metropolis, men have gone from house to house inquiring, yet hoping that it was not true. In town, in hamlet, in rural habitations, in the most obscure confines the swift herald of death has proclaimed that another soul has broken the chain of material bondage and spreads its immortal wings for glory. Not died, but more like the strange eventful Enoch, "he was not for God took him."

Thoughtful men of the day are learning that heroic qualities are not exclusively exemplified in the battle field; or hardships of venture upon unknown seas, or thru difficult climes, but that the truest manhood, the noblest purpose, the sublimest faith in God may be demonstrated along humble but highly important paths of civilization. In the heart of the earth where men are better established, but where conditions cry out for adjustment, and demand just the same that somebody labor and toil and sacrifice their life upon such things that may exist in order that truth be enthroned and that right may prevail.

Let historians record the works of this great man for posterity and coming generations; let poets immortalize his life in song and poetry; let the children of today preserve the traditions of his time in true anecdote or story; let musician pick his theme from the varied and soulful existence, but right now let everybody realize what tremendous force Booker T. Washington's labors and ideas have been, and are now to the race and this very moment.

What made him great? What magic power brought the white millions of dollars to his aid? What peculiar inciting force hallowed his personality that drew the average man to his standard by way of confidence in his leadership? And what more than subtle power inspired the deep feeling of love unto him? I answer: He was great because he was a builder; he won financial support because men saw his tangible work and recognized the potent idea; he incited confidence because he felt himself and knew the sincerity and truth of his own gospel; and he inspired love because he had a heart that ever throbbed and beat for his fellow man. His life was full of struggle and accomplishment. Born in obscurity, hidden under the darker shades of slavery, but up from this

black night like the advancing light that will not be put out, but grows larger and larger with its closer view until astounding the eyes and illuminating the horizon. Oh what a glorious experience is this! This apparent coming from nothing to something, going up thru the devious paths of existence. This labor for good, this apostleship of right, this overcoming of prejudice, this surmounting of obstacle, this winning of friendship, manhood and citizenship and this championing of race salvation!

Critics thought they would smother this light; they would ridicule this effort along the humble paths of life; Death found this man working for humanity. His heart was spread in sympathy over the whole world. God would him to be a servant of mankind for nigh three generations.

He fell in the midst of a wonderful and gigantic development of race energy thruout the United States of which he was the chief contributor—prophet and apostle.

Yes, there will be those who will intelligently follow his lead. Though dead, he will still lead because his ideas were God-inspired and must live.

Other leaders will spring up, some heaven inspired like Washington but with different methods. The mantle of Elijah fell gracefully upon Elisha, but the fire of the latter never burned with that intensity which characterized the first wearer. Yet right on up the Zigzag course of progress the man Jesus was born and later the Apostle Paul. Who knows since no one known today may inherit the embazoned mantle of leadership that unto us may be born another child who shall lead this people, or better still, who knows but what in some marked spot, town or city or rural place, there may be a soul panting and hungering to take up the sword of truth that it may not become rusty from inactivity. If there be such they will bring to bear some new individuality, some new personal power, some newer enlightened idea, some new celebrated name to go on to the bill boards of time, for as there is not but one Moses, one Lincoln, one Frederick Douglass, so there can never be but one Booker T. Washington.

In conclusion, this man delivered a message to the world which it can never forget; it was the true gospel of intelligent work. In him labor and its dignity had a brave champion. He taught not only his race but the world the advantage of a trained mind and hand. In a deeper sense, he was a scientist, because his methods were correct. He was a reasonable Christian because his conception of religion was above any creed. He cared nothing for a narrow sect any more than he did for politics. These things could not fit in his simple and clear nature. Both would have tied or hampered his freedom of action, and if at any time he was diplomatic it was for greater race results and not for any narrow, sectional or political influence.

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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

(Sonnet and Memorial Ode by Roscoe C. Jamison).

Cast in a mold broken since long ago
By Him, the Master Workman,
who disdained
To think that in the sordid clay
remained
Strength worthy of another such,
and so
To earth he came alone. With-
in the low,
Dark vale, he found Truth's foot-
prints, and so gained
The heights of the Immortals;
yes, attained
The crown that mem'ry weaves,
her face aglow.

O fallen Chief! When pressed
in deadly fray,
Thy race reels back from foes
that do assail,
One shall but say that thou dost
lead that day
And turn defeat to victory, nor
fall;
And when our banners rest in
Triumph's Hall,
Thy name shall be, as now, the
first of all.

WASHINGTON.

By WILLIAM H. DAWLEY, JR.

"Courage, purpose, endurance, these are the tests," exclaimed Wendell Phillips in his brilliant panegyric on that matchless sable ligerator of Hayti. Measured by these tests, Booker T. Washington stands unique, pre-eminent, unsurpassed.

His was not that impatient, reckless, fiery courage that brooks no dare. But that that espouses an unpopular yet just side, and unflinchingly supports it in all seasons and against all odds to the end.

His purpose was as a humble teacher to teach his people how to live and to live more abundantly. He emphasized education as a means not an end, therefore he revolutionized education in this country. Like Abelard, he retired to a desert and it became a city, a Mecca for the great of the earth. For no European or Asiatic of note felt that he had seen America if he had not visited Tuskegee.

Washington's serious and unfeigned Comenius, Luther, and he endured to give cheerfully and bounteously of their means, to further his aims.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

A student of Holy Writ has composed biblical statistics in this novel form:

The Bible contains 3,666,480 letters, 31,175 words, 1,188 chapters and sixty-six books. The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm; the shortest and middle chapters are the 11th and 19th Psalms. The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm. The longest name is in the 8th chapter of Isaiah. The word "and" occurs 46,627 times; the word "Lord" 1,355 times. The 31st chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of the Second Book of Kings are alike. The longest verse is the 5th of the 8th chapter of Esther; the shortest verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of John. In the first verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The finest piece of reading is the 26th chapter of Acts. The name of God is not mentioned in the Book of Esther. It contains knowledge, wisdom, holiness and love.

THE STRUGGLE.

What is it to be a Negro,
But to feel a sharp spur within,
Goads us to high endeavor,
Pressing us on our goal to win?

For our best must e'er be better
Than the work of Saxon race,
Ere the Negro is accorded
With the white men an honored place.

So the black man takes the challenge,
And registers his yok on high,
To make good when chance is offered
Or tell to God the reason why.
—Katherine D. Tillman.
Columbia, Mo.

TRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

By PROF. R. T. COLES.

I first met Booker T. Washington in 1877 when I entered Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. He was then a very young man but full of life and vigor. We became friends and during the two years he remained there we were members of the same debating society. We were often selected to take the same side of the discussion. There were two traits of character which I noticed at that time that stood out prominently—application and persistence. These same traits have followed him thruout his entire public career. It was this same application and persistence that caused him to build up such a great institution in the Southland and which is left to us as a rich legacy. He possessed ability of the very highest order, and intellectual energy that was tireless and a physical constitution that could endure equal to Napoleon's. In all his work he displayed the genius of industry, a keen insight and a well balanced and unbiased judgment upon every subject he investigated.

GREAT THRU SIMPLICITY.

By PROF. J. R. E. LEE.

Principal Washington, tho a national and international character, was, I believe, the greatest at home and in the community in which he lived. Great because of his simplicity of life and because of his attention to and interest in the ordinary life of what may be called the ordinary people. The most humble laborer, house servant, farm hand and the most humble home received consideration at his hand. He sought out the unfortunate in the community, the needy boy and girl in the school, and none went without his help. He was greatest, I repeat, in his simple life, in his interest in simple and ordinary people and in his attention to the common things of life.

TRIBUTE TO BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

By WM. H. THOMAS, D. D.

In the passing of Booker T. Washington the nation at large and the Negro race in particular will have a sense of personal loss which they will be unable to express. History makes it clear that great men are a gift from God. In the midst of our grief at his sudden taking, let us pause and thank God for this inestimable gift to mankind, a man of genius. And the next best thing to the possessing of great men is the power to appreciate them, when God sends them to us. Booker T. Washington, whom we mourn to-day exercised a paramount influence in the public life of our Nation. His policies often encountered great opposition from his opponents, but even these very opponents acknowledged that these plans were conceived with a grasp and mastery truly wonderful. Our beloved leader has finished his work and has now gone aloft to receive his reward. May he rest in peace and may our end be like his.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Memorial services for Booker T. Washington will be held at Ebenezer chapel, Sixteenth and Lydia streets, Sunday evening, November 21. Following is the program:
Song—"Servant of God Well Done"—Choir and congregation.
Scripture lesson by pastor.
Choir—"Asleep in Jesus."
Prayer—Prof. T. B. Stewart.
Song—Choir.
Ten minute talks by the following speakers:
"Booker T. Washington as an Educator"—Prof. J. R. E. Lee.
"Booker T. Washington as Master of His Own Fate"—C. A. Franklin.
"Booker T. Washington as the Man of the Hour"—Mrs. Anna Roberts.
Recital—Mrs. Sadie Dimery.
"Booker T. Washington as a Race Man"—Prof. Shelton French.
Solo—Hortense Dimery.
Master of Ceremonies—Rev. W. C. Williams.

"ON MEN OF ETHIOPIA."

By CHAS. A. STARKS.

On men of Ethiopia! Sound the dire alarms;
Move on to that place which you yourself must carve.
Take unto your hearts the Truth that warms,
And feed the famished longing which others would starve.

Be never content with any second place;
Heirs of immortality, accept nothing less.
If you are men, then you are not a despised race,
But mighty in right and laughing in distress.

On men of Ethiopia! Be men in every line,
Seek always that mind which is of God;
This heritage is yours by right Divine,
Remember this truth as you valiantly trod.

Beaming with brightness Ethiopia's undimmed star,
Lights the sable night with its celestial ray;
'Tis big with hope, near when seeming far,
Visible in the darkest hour—hiding in the day.

ON THE HONOR LIST!

By C. A. STARKS.

Following are the places which closed their doors between 10 and 11 o'clock Wednesday morning in honor of Booker T. Washington, our deceased leader:

O. K. Cleaners.
"Ye Autumn Leaf Tavern."
St. Louis Tonsorial Parlor.
Gilt Edge Tailors.
Daisy Dairy Lunch.
Jones Coal and Feed Store.
Jackson & Johnson Dressmaking and Beauty Parlor.
Criterion Cafe.
The Anchor Laundry.
Will's Buffet.
The Hindoo Barber Shop.
Kansas City Sun Office.
R. W. Foster Pharmacy.
Chrosthwait Floral Co.
Holsum Lunch Room.
Alexander Barbecue Store.
Atlanta Barber Shop.
Mrs. Stella Hubbard's Millinery Store.
The League Enterprise.
Stewart & Smith's Real Estate Office.
Harris' Commercial Print Shop.
Page's Shoe Store.
Weaver Floral Co.
Delmonico Cafe.

This list comprises the business places between 1500 and 1800 blocks on Eighteenth street as far as the writer went. There were a few in these blocks who did not close up for various reasons. In one barber shop the manager was too busy PLAYING POLICY to give the writer audience; another pool hall claimed "No notification"; a drug store was without "orders." However, we wish to thank each concern for their consideration and a happy season. The Kansas City Sun and the League Enterprise had quite elaborate decorations. Weaver Florists and the Delmonico Cafe displayed photos of Washington while "Ye Autumn Leaf Tavern" conspicuously displayed a splendid likeness of Mr. Washington in front of its doors when closed for one hour. The picture was richly draped in black and white mourning.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AS A LEADER.

By J. F. SHANNON, M. D.

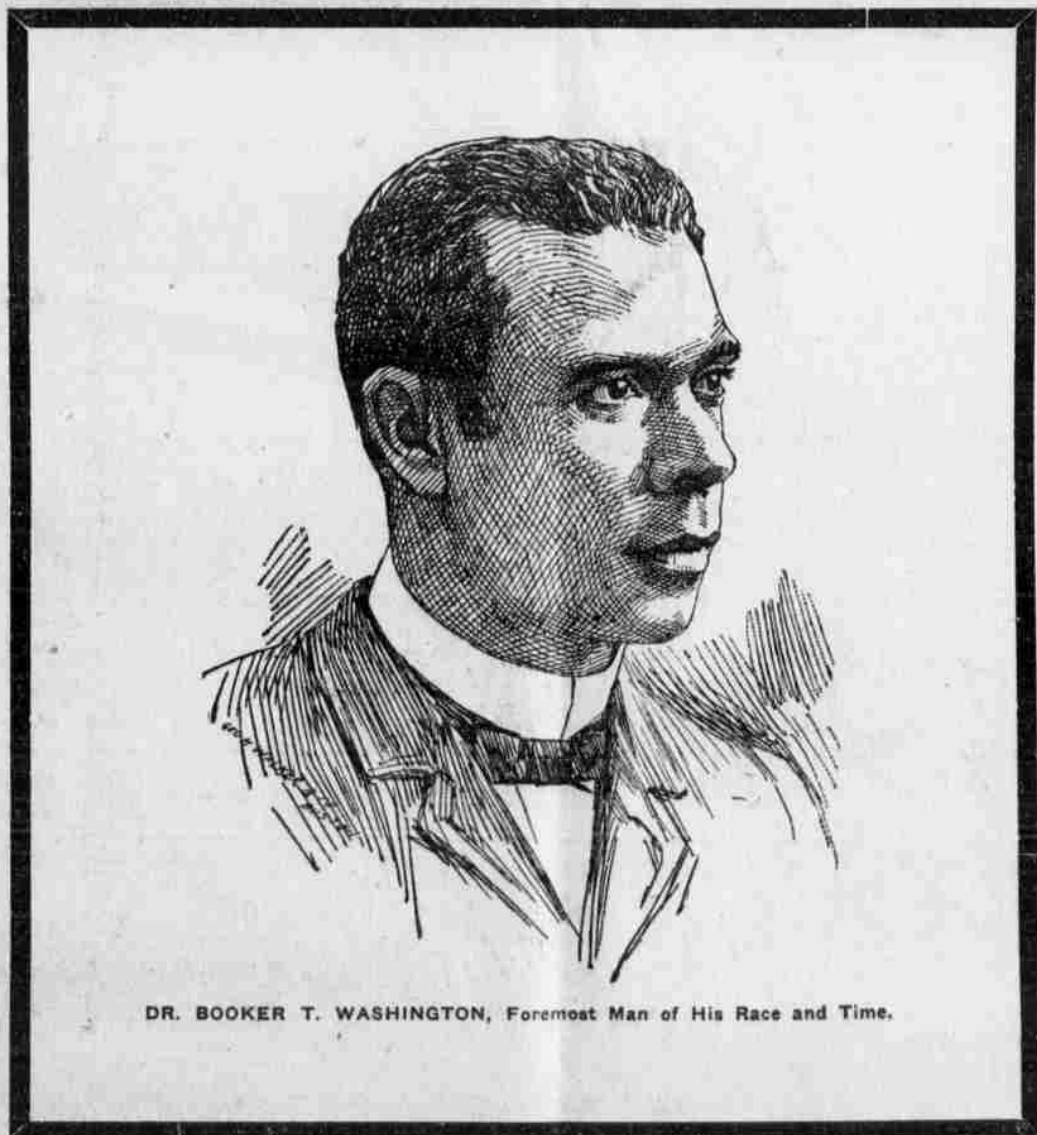
Prominent among the requisites for leadership is the ability to think—to think logically, quickly, deeply, accurately and then be able to express such thoughts concisely and intelligently and impress upon hearers or readers the import or truth of such thoughts. As a leader Dr. Washington embodied the above mentioned power. It was his ability to think and impress others with his way of thinking that made him the great leader he was. His keen foresight, sound judgment and good counsel will be most sadly missed. When the great Douglass passed away Mr. Washington succeeded him as a leader, but—and it is sad to say there is no logical successor to Mr. Washington. Men of his stamp come few in a generation. His distinguished and enviable record as a conservative leader and the monumental results of his creative power are a cherished legacy left not only to the race but to the nation.

The Gamest and Biggest Republican in America today (from our viewpoint) is in Kansas City today—Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago.

Every Negro in Kansas City admires you, "Big Bill."

"THY WILL BE DONE"
Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed by thy name: Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory.

Memorial services for Booker T. Washington will be held at the Second Baptist church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Prof. R. T. Coles and Prof. J. R. E. Lee will make short addresses.



DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Foremost Man of His Race and Time.

they would declaim and howl and protest this all engrossing thought of "opportunism," of "working out your own salvation," of casting down your bucket where you are," plain prosy statements to vain people, but classic truths to thoughtful men. The more ignorant, the gross, the dense, thick skulled sons of darkness absurdly imputed unrighteousness to his aim; "but why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" Because it has ever been that they set themselves against the truth and blind they will not see. No, the world has not seen his like, nor may again cast eye upon such. The times in which he was born; the unique conditions under which America labored; the peculiar temper of the white nation during a period; the ever changing public sentiment as inconstant as the blustering winds could not cause this man to deteriorate. He saw the shining light of truth and heard the constant call of industrialism for his people.

Circumstances removes the person of Booker T. Washington from this sublunary world, but God says this son of truth's idea shall never perish.

COURAGE.

By Nelson C. Crews.

People whose only idea of courage was noise and bluster have said that Mr. Washington was too conservative, yet those who knew him best knew there was no man more truly courageous and that he could wait and suffer and endure without complaint to be sure that he was right and then the achievement of some great victory demonstrated his wisdom. A small man may be measured in a day but a great man like Booker T. Washington cannot be measured in a generation.

A GIANT SLEEPS.

By Thos. H. Batley.

Mr. Washington, our greatest leader, now sleeps but still lives.

Washington never whined, he never begged; he simply showed the need.

He was a teacher, like Socrates, Comenius, Luther, and he endured to the end. Despite the allurements of domestic political preferment and the enticements of foreign posts, he died a teacher, a friend of the child.

Thus we see a slave boy, painstaking to a fault, by his singleness of purpose, with limited education, place himself in the front rank of the world's scholars, whose counsel statesmen, presidents, kings and an emperor sought. He was swayed from his purpose neither by the blandishments of friends nor the vicious and incessant shafts of his detractors.

HONOR WASHINGTON.

The board of education ordered the flags on the Negro schools to be floated at half mast from Monday until Wednesday noon and each school held memorial exercises Wednesday in memory of Booker T. Washington.